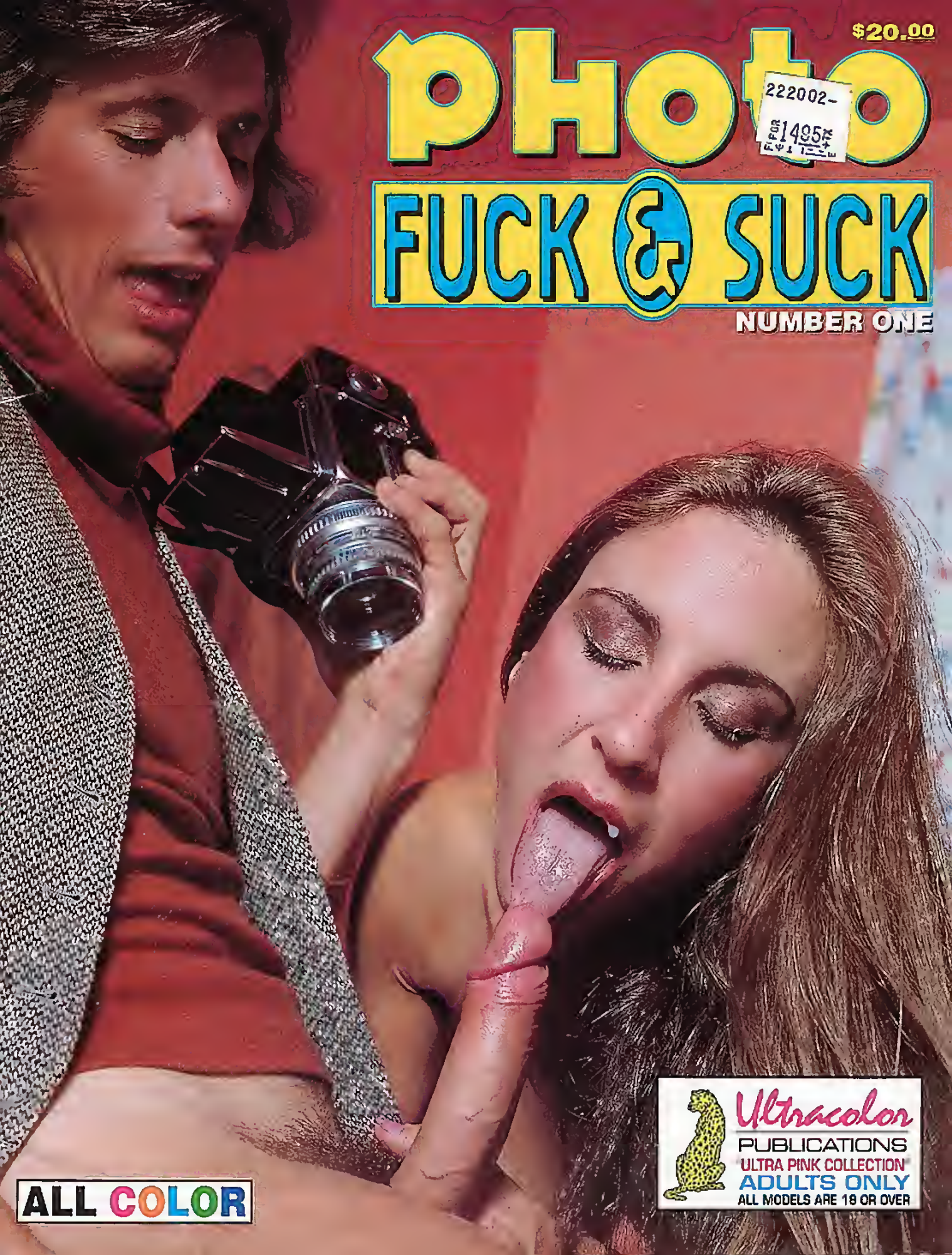
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she froze, unable to resist further advances.

The next thing she knew Donny was kneeling at her feet, pressing his face between her thighs. Uncontrolably, her feet came off the carpet and her legs parted. His hands pushed her dress up high, completely baring her hair-covered twat. It was a beautiful little thing, like the nest of a tiny bird.

The slit was moist with the heat of her fluid, and the tiny lips were pink and glistening. He pushed his face gently inward, made scintillating contact between his lips and her pussy. The pungent odor of her passion filled his nostrils as his tongue burrowed between the cuntal lips. The tongue tip found the nubbin of her clit, a tiny pearl of exciting flesh, and he tasted it.

Above him he could hear the girl moan and sigh with obvious pleasure, as he stimulated her clit with the tip of his skillful tongue. Then he lapped away at her

Now, he was taking light meter readings around her face, then lowering the meter to check the reading around her bosom. As he did so, he caught a glimpse down her cleavage, admiring the fullness and plump smoothness of her tits. His cock was really jumping now, especially in the ultra-light confines of the stylish pants he wore. He

lowered the meter further, telling her to part her legs a bit, then—as her dress hitched up and he caught a glimpse of her pussy—he registered the light level between her thighs.

The girl giggled, noticing the bulge in his brownish tights. "Is it necessary to check me down there?" she asked nervously.

"It's not a bad idea," the